

June 20 1943

You will notice that I am writing more since I moved from the gaiety of Herlong

Most darling Mama:

A brief note to you at 6:30am – Have been up since 5:15am as duty officer – The morning is delightfully cool, and smells like heaven; have just returned from breakfast.

A busy day lie before me and I contemplate it with pleasure; a major came in while I was conducting a class yesterday and complimented me highly – am drilling the troops a good bit and am learning to give – currently a good many of the less ordinary commands

As I said before I like this place, even though it is hot as hell during the day; perhaps I like it because I am pretty busy all the time.

Am glad Rosa Haynes got the Post office; that is one time that fate favored the [illegible] – I should say I am glad that smart Alec Horton didn't get it

Mama you don't say much in your letters about how you are feeling, or whether or not you are sticking with your diet how you had better do the latter.

Felt a bit sad when you mentioned peoples attitude concerning your listening to the war news; I rather imagine that that is their subconscious mind which rebels at anyone directing one's thoughts toward anything other than the local & commonplace – ain't directing that alone at Ed.

Do you think it will rain any time soon. It seems to never rain here – I picked some ripe olives day before yesterday

Who do I love?

Only one person

Your loving son

J. Harrod

You are not going to move into our house are you?

Am sure that another could be arranged for [sic] somehow